



THE New Republic

Portrait of the
Nation's Capital

Patrick O'Donovan

Pages 8-9

Notes on the Cuban Revolution

By DANIEL M. FRIEDENBERG

What Is a "Liberal Catholic"? . . . *John Cogley*
Out of Control *Gerald W. Johnson*
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Watch That Un-Americanism! *T.R.B.*

FEBRUARY 17, 1958

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Washington Wire

Watch That Un-Americanism!

WE HAVE JUST been reading the creepy-crawly seven-part report of the House Un-American Activities Committee and, my, we are frightened! The House created this Boris Karloff committee years ago, and though McCarthy is dead and the *Daily Worker* has folded, the members must justify themselves by scaring us. (The House group just got another \$305,000. The Senate put up \$209,000 for its own side-show.)

Communist subversion, you will be alarmed to hear, "presents a danger to the American people equalling that of Soviet satellites and long-range missiles." Doesn't that make your flesh creep? "The Kremlin has succeeded in enlisting, at a conservative estimate, more than a million Americans into this campaign." *What* campaign? Why, to modify the Immigration Act! Chairman Walter heads the Un-American Committee, and he is also the leading voice in Congress for excluding foreigners.

The courts, it appears, have been quite nasty to the committee and maybe a little bit, well, unpatriotic. Walters doesn't actually say the Supreme Court is tainted, but anybody can see it has been terribly short-sighted. A great part of the report is filled with the sorry story of cases dismissed for no other reason than that civil rights of defendants were violated.

The fourth section of the report is a kind of experience meeting. Direct evidence has been gathered by the enterprising committee: Rabbi Fineberg, Bishop Sheen and Dr. Poling all testify that Communism is bad. More than that, news analyst Constantine Brown has come before the committee and testified. His global evidence is pithily summarized: "Spain is extremely friendly to the US and the only country in Europe willing to risk everything in its fight against Communism." "We have per-

formed diplomatic miracles by keeping Communist China out of the UN." "Western Europe, in my opinion, is indefensible."

Section 7 of the report offers, as a public service, thumbnail sketches of such little known figures as Khrushchev, Bulganin, Chou En-lai and others, including Yugoslavia's Marshal Tito and Poland's Gomulka. You can't fool Walter; they are all bad, bad men. Don't let the "White House" and the "State Department" confuse you either about the last two by designating Poland and Yugoslavia "as potential allies." Ha, Walter knows better! He has \$305,000 to back it up: "During the last few years, in fact, he (Tito) has clearly moved closer to political alinement [*sic*] with Moscow." (p. 62).

For a moment we thought our hero Walter had slipped by misspelling "alignment"—made himself silly, you know. But good sense promptly reasserted itself. Congressmen instinctively distrust good spellers: something sneaky, intellectual, well, *unAmerican* about them. Would the House, do you suppose, give \$305,000 (with only two dissents) to a man who boggled over a dropped "g," or a small matter like a missing Constitutional safeguard? Of course not.

Back Home Again

INCIDENTALLY it is nice to note that the Republican counsel of Senator Eastland's Internal Security Subcommittee, Robert Morris, is a Senatorial candidate in New Jersey this year. Another counsel, J. G. Sourwine, tried to get the Democratic Senate nomination in 1956 in Nevada. In spite of his red-blooded Americanism Sourwine was unaccountably snowed under. He is back again now with the old committee. As for Morris, in a speech in Chicago last week he put responsibility for "the nation's most perilous hour" on Washington's "complacency" (*i.e.*, it didn't listen to Eastland). Some think Morris will also be back with the committee again before long.

Up and Down

THE BIG STORY right now is the recession. Short term news is bad. This week and next the government will publish monthly statistics on unemployment—up; on US personal income—off; on industrial production—sinking. This presents the Administration with an extraordinarily difficult choice. Shall it maintain the fixed grin on its face (it didn't even mention the word "recession" in last month's annual economic report) or climb down and get going? The Full Employment Act of 1946 specifically places responsibility on the government to maintain "maximum production (down), employment (down), and purchasing power (down)."

The recession is now definitely the worst since the war. It may still cure itself, but the time is running short. Most remarkable feature is that prices don't fall. Cost of living is going up, employment going down . . . there must be a screw loose somewhere! Steel and auto industries are operating at less than two thirds capacity yet don't cut prices. Does this mean that when corporations are big enough they transcend the old-fashioned law of supply and demand?

Notes

WANT TO KNOW what the Russian Sputnik said to the American Explorer as they circled the globe?—"We're alone up here now, let's talk German!"

The man who leaked the White House news that Stassen was being asked to quit was Sherman Adams. He put it out to a select group of newsmen.

This column doesn't know whether it would like pay-TV or not, but it would like the opportunity to try it. The House Commerce Committee has decided that pay-TV (without advertisements) is bad for you and me and that we shouldn't have the opportunity to see it. The chairman is the same Rep. Oren Harris (D, Ark.) who is backing the natural gas grab and who is also trying to stall the investigation of the Federal Communications Commission and other regulatory agencies. We remember back in the '40's when Congress said "oleo-margine is bad for you" and refused to let the public have it. This is a similar case. Undoubtedly if pay-TV caught on it would damage existing commercial interests just as margarine threatened the dairies.

T.R.B.

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Correspondence

► The Mencken Debate

SIRS:

As a dispassionate Frenchman writing a study of H. L. Mencken's work, I was greatly interested in the debate which has taken place in *The New Republic* for the past months. I was not privileged to hear Mencken's spoken

(Continued on page 22)

Now, Doctor...

"IN RETROSPECT, Doctor," Rep. John Bennett (R, Mich.) asked Prof. Bernard Schwartz, "if you had to do this over again, would you do the same as you have done? Rep. Bennett was referring to Dr. Schwartz's conduct of the abortive investigation of federal regulatory agencies Schwartz has headed since last summer. "Except for one move," Schwartz replied. "I would not have come down here to work for this Committee under any circumstances."

Dr. Schwartz is not the first young professor to experience the frustrations which can come from forthrightness in Washington. He was invited down from his post at New York University Law School to look into charges of misuse of powers by the Federal Communications Commission, the Federal Power Commission, the Civil Aeronautics Board and the other so-called independent agencies. He went about his assignment with such zeal that he antagonized and frightened even those who had sponsored the investigation. Had he continued as he was going, the country might have glimpsed the extent to which the regulating agencies are run by those they are supposed to regulate.

Dr. Schwartz may have anticipated the resistance the agencies and the industries would exert to prevent his prying into their affairs; he probably did not expect, however, that both the Congressional committee which employed him and the White House would try to thwart him too. When they did, in a frantic effort to fight back, Schwartz unfortunately followed McCarthy's example of trying his case in the press by means of "leaks." For this, he was quite properly censured.

But someone should have explained to Schwartz, much earlier, that Congress will not let itself be investigated. It was unfair to let him assume there were no strings on his appointment. A polite expose of the misdeeds of Eisenhower appointees was one thing, but digging deep into the mud and finding there special pleaders among Democrats as well as Republicans was more than the leaders of Congress were prepared to defend. Speaker Rayburn who, greatly to his credit, had personally demanded a searching inquiry into the affairs of the commissions, became the Invisible Man when Dr. Schwartz needed support.

Is this the end of the investigation? Not necessarily. If, for example, President Eisenhower still feels the moral indignation he displayed last year at the attempted bribery of Senator Case, a natural next step would seem to be appointment of a Presidential Commission to lift lids off pans Congress would prefer to leave covered.

No—we are not serious. Unlike Investigator Schwartz, we salt our zeal heavily: Who would draft the Presidential order setting up such a Commission and who would recommend persons to serve on it? Why, some of the very people in and around the White House Investigator Schwartz alleges have pressured the regulatory agencies for favors.

The Pentagon and Space

THE DECISION to place responsibility for the development of atomic energy in an independent civilian commission was delayed for a full year after Hiroshima by bitter fighting in Congress, urged on by lobbyists for the armed services who opposed the final McMahon-Douglas Act. Now, less than two weeks since Explorer I went up, a special Senate Committee has already been appointed to study proposals for the exploration of outer space, and its chairman, Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson, and many of the leaders of both parties, indicate that they favor a civilian-directed program.

Secretary McElroy will continue to direct all space projects for one more year, while legislation is being drawn and approved. Undoubtedly the Pentagon will struggle to keep for itself as much of the research and development of space vehicles as long thereafter as it can. But the achievements of the Atomic Energy Commission, with all its shortcomings, make it a natural pattern for Congress to copy in setting space policy.

Scientists, too, have learned something from their experience with the fight to win acceptance for the McMahon Act, when dozens of their leaders cut their political eye teeth.

To the most frequent objection—that to transfer space research into civilian hands would impair the military function—they have but to cite the experience of the AEC and the Pentagon. ("I cannot recall in 11 years with the AEC," Chairman Lewis Strauss testified at a Congressional hearing last week, "a substantial difference of opinion [with the military liaison] which continued overnight.") As positive argument they need only cite the record. As the Los Alamos Committee of the Federation of American Scientists pointed out recently in this journal:

There is considerable doubt in the scientific community as to the ability of the military to conduct scientific research in such a manner as to produce optimal results for a given expenditure of time, talent and money. . . . For maximum scientific productivity research [pertaining to space travel, satellites, and ultraterrestrial research in general] should be done in a climate unfettered by narrow traditions. . . .

Civil Rights Bill

ATTORNEY GENERAL William P. Rogers, who has said a lot about now letting tempers "cool off" on civil rights, began to warm up himself last week when a bipartisan Senate group (10 Democrats, 6 Republicans) announced plans to introduce new civil rights legislation. Rogers has begun to speak of "vigorous" prosecution of civil rights cases.

The Senate bill not only would authorize the Attorney General to bring preventive legal actions in a wide range

of "equal protection" cases—schools, buses, public recreation—but equally important, it would give new powers to the Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare to help local governments carry out desegregation through a \$12.5 million, 5-year program of technical assistance (special surveys, community conferences) and \$40 million in grants for school facilities and teachers. One of the bill's sponsors, Senator Hennings (D, Mo.), is expected to schedule early hearings of his Constitutional Rights Subcommittee. That, however, will only be the beginning: Southern members of Congress showed last week in their attempt to scuttle the \$750,000 appropriation for the new Civil Rights Commission that they'll still be first to get to civil rights committee meetings and last to leave.

Nasser's New Republic

REPORTS from Cairo that the Yemen has offered to join the new United Arab Republic should warn against the tendency to write off the union between Egypt and Syria as a meaningless fantasy. For the importance of the union lies in its impact not on its members, but on other Arab states.

The immense difficulties which have faced European countries in their slow progress toward union since the war do not really provide a precedent for what is now proposed in the Middle East. Arab states are so undeveloped and indeed so recent in origin that the union of the American colonies 200 years ago offers a much better analogy. They have not had time to develop the complex network of national interests which make European integration so difficult. Indeed the mass of their inhabitants have little sense of separate national identity as Syrians or Iraqis at all—they see themselves as Arabs and look for political institutions which will express their underlying unity. It is typical, for example, that the present Foreign Minister of Saudi Arabia should be a Palestinian who became a Syrian citizen after the establishment of Israel as a Jewish state.

Thus the name chosen for the union of Syria and Egypt must have an immensely powerful attraction for the citizens of other Arab states. The words United, Arab, and Republic each appeal directly to a major element in the psychology of the Arab masses. The word "Arab" emphasizes their difference not only from the peoples of the Western and Communist blocs, but also from other peoples of the Middle East—Jews, Turks and Persians. The word "United" points to the need for political action to assert this separateness in practice. And the word "Republic" suggests that the main obstacle to unity is the vested interests of the royal families which preside over most of the Arab states outside the union.

Moreover by choosing this as their slogan, Egypt and Syria have made it much more difficult for the other Arab states to combine against them. King Hussein of

Jordan's proposal for a sort of monarchist trade union in the Middle East can only emphasize the vulnerability of the present ruling groups in Iraq and Saudi Arabia. Iraq's ties with non-Arab states through the Baghdad Pact makes it difficult for the other Arab countries to identify themselves too closely with her. And Lebanon, as the smallest and most highly developed of all the Arab states, stands to lose most by union with others.

There is a growing feeling in Washington—and we share that feeling—that the West must come to terms with the revolutionary forces in the Arab world instead of fighting them head-on. Yet it is difficult for the West to compete successfully with Russia for the goodwill of these new forces, particularly since Russia has no moral or political scruples against sacrificing Israel for Arab goodwill and we are pledged to the survival of Israel. That is why more and more people see little hope unless Russia can be persuaded to cooperate in reducing the instability which now threatens to produce a war close to her borders.

But it is obvious that Russia will not agree to help her enemies out of their present troubles except at a price. That price is bound to include drastic changes in the Baghdad Pact, if not its total abolition. And after the most recent meeting of the Baghdad Pact Council in Ankara, the Western powers must be more doubtful than ever about its value: Asian members of the Pact all made it clear that they regard it less as a means of resisting Soviet aggression than as a means of strengthening their hand against other non-Communist powers in local conflicts—Pakistan against India over Kashmir, Turkey against Greece over Cyprus, Iran against Britain over Bahrein, and Iraq against both Israel and her Arab neighbors.

“Barnums” for TV?

ONE study, however fictitious, does not of course prove that television advertising is getting better than television programs. But the Pfütz-Norm Survey of Snacking Patterns in Massidon, Ohio, does suggest the need for a more serious appraisal of the importance of TV commercials. This investigation of the viewing habits of 400 families shows that whereas in the base period of the study (October-December, 1952), 38.5 percent habitually left their screens for a snack (or other reasons) during the commercials, in the latest period surveyed (October-December, 1957), 72.9 percent left their screens for snacks *during the actual programs, and returned only to watch the commercials.*

Such evidence, when added to our personal reaction to most programs on TV, encourages us to unwrap at this time our idea for a new set of awards, comparable to Hollywood's “Oscars”—annual awards for the best television commercials. Over the three networks, these awards would be presented with all the fanfare associated

The “Wrong” Side of the Tracks

Prague

TEN YEARS after the Communist seizure of power in Czechoslovakia, the “class war” against the Czech middle classes continues unabated. Its form and methods are more subtle than those previously employed in the Soviet Union and elsewhere in Eastern Europe, yet the struggle is the more important here, for Czechoslovakia alone of the satellites possessed a well-developed industry and large middle class.

Roughly, the Communist aim is to eliminate, in two generations, the power and influence of a once-flourishing intelligentsia. This does not mean imprisonment, so much as the isolation of individuals from their previous society, unbearable taxation and confiscation of goods, discrimination in work, and restricted educational opportunities for the children.

For instance, a middle-class householder has not lost the deed to his property, but has lost all control over its use. He must accept tenants in number and quality prescribed by the local state authorities. From strictly-regulated rent, he must pay 50 percent in taxes, 30 percent into a special bank account for long-term improvements, and 20 percent for the immediate operating expenses of the house. He is not only denied use of his property, but has also become the convenient scapegoat upon whom dissatisfied tenants living in crowded and ill-kept houses vent their complaints.

Czech Communists—like those all over the Soviet world—reacted strongly to the Hungarian Revolution. In February, 1957, the regime suddenly discovered that the university and institutes were permeated with heirs of the “dispossessed” classes. While working-class children were leaving school as early as possible to earn the comparatively high wages that were within their grasp, children from the old intelligentsia were moving into the coveted university slots. Consequently, the regime quickly instituted a strict quota and interview system: class background and political reliability, not intellectual talent, became the main criteria.

But the Czechs continue to demonstrate their resourcefulness. Many of these sons of “wrong” backgrounds, when thrown on the labor market, go into factories and laboratories where they already have contacts in the management. There they develop their native talent in more special work. It is considered an apprenticeship, from which the young people emerge after two or three years “cleansed” of their class background. Having proved their capabilities and still only 20 or 21 years old, they are sent by their particular state enterprise to the university or higher technical institute. In such ways as this, the Czech intelligentsia carries on its struggle for survival. Its success is demonstrated by the number of its sons and daughters who continue to dominate the powerful technical and administrative apparatus of the “workers” state.

GEORGE SHERMAN

with the "Oscar" ceremonies: a bland, good-humored MC (Steve Allen?) handing out precious, gleaming "Barnums" to beaming commercial-writers, complete with handshaking, cheek-kissing, eye-lowering and tremulous thanks.

To start things rolling, we offer a number of possible award categories and invite critics and viewers to submit others. For instance, "Barnums" might be given for:

Best Portrayal of a Doctor or Dentist in a Medical-Type Commercial; criteria for this award would include: realism of graying hair at temples; authenticity and correctness of fit of white coat; sincerity, fluency with polysyllabic medical terms; casual handling of laboratory equipment.

Best Portrayal of Housewife Tired of Doing Laundry with Old-Fashioned Harsh Soap; criteria: dramatic and clinical evidence of nagging backache, tired feet and pounding headache; quality of sag in posture and straggling in hair.

Best Pair of Dry, Rough, Red Hands.

Best Pair of Soothed, Healed Hands.

Best Portrayal of "Modern" Girl with "Modern" Cigarette; criteria: appeal of locale for girl smoker (such as helicopter, slope of Mt. Everest, Amazon jungle, etc.).

Best Match-Striking By Cowhand (a) on horse (b) off horse; criteria: not burning fingers; not scaring horse (if on a horse); light not being blown out by breeze (if breezy); artistry of tattoo on wrist.

Best Refrigerator Door Opening by Woman; criteria: aplomb demonstrated under trying circumstances, such as stuck freezer drawer or broken fingernail.

Nominations are open.

Reuther's Proposal For Profit-Sharing

WALTER REUTHER'S collective-bargaining gimmicks have always been showy. A decade ago, he brightened the technology of collective bargaining by installing escalators, with the result that wage increases tied to the cost-of-living index and "annual improvement factors" are now a feature of many agreements. (This idea came initially from the other side of the bargaining table when "Engine Charlie" of GM proposed an annual increase proportioned to *productivity*, but Reuther revised the semantics and made the idea his own.) Then came his demand for a "guaranteed annual wage," and if g.a.w., in the final form of the contract, was spelled s.u.b. (supplementary unemployment benefits), there was more of a relation than the semantics might indicate.

This year's gimmick, profit-sharing in a three-way split, is even showier. His proposal is that the before-tax profits of the company, after 10 percent had been set aside, be divided 50 percent to shareholders and execu-

tives, 25 percent to purchasers of the year's new models as a customer rebate, and 25 percent to the company's workers. (White collar workers below the level of executives would be included, even though not covered under the UAW contract.)

Calculated on the lush earnings of 1955, the arithmetic of his proposal would be this: General Motors' 1955 gross profit was \$2.542 billion. Of this amount, \$1.554 billion (10 percent plus half of the remainder) would have been used for stockholder and executive participation, \$494 million for customer rebates, and \$494 million would have been shared by approximately half a million GM workers in the US and Canada. For the workers, that would have been equivalent to about 43 cents per hour more pay, or \$800 a year. In 1955, the average hourly wage was \$2.18, and basic yearly earnings \$4,300, but copious overtime brought the actual average in GM to around \$5,325. The profit-sharing feature would have lifted the total to \$6,100. That year, under existing participation plans, 13,284 GM executives shared a bonus pool of \$95 million.



Back last August, Mr. Reuther urged the automobile companies to cut prices on the 1958 models \$100 as a stimulus to sales, stating that he would take into account any adverse effect of such a move on earnings in the upcoming (April) negotiations with the Big Three for renewal of his agreements which expire around June 1. He deduced the companies' capacity to absorb such a cut from an increase in their profits of 289.6 percent between 1947 and 1956, and from their capacity to administer prices. (Around 97 percent of all automobiles are produced by the three companies.)

Mr. Reuther stresses the loss to the economy when automobile production, as at present, limps along at only some 60 percent of capacity, and estimates his plan would induce around a million additional sales. He points to the 1915 precedent when Henry Ford declared that if he sold more than 300,000 Fords in the year, he would give \$50 (1914 model dollars) to each purchaser as a rebate. When 308,000 cars were sold, \$15 million was distributed.

In a previous letter to Mr. Reuther, and again at the Kefauver anti-monopoly hearings, Mr. Harlow H. Curtice of GM has repudiated the idea of such profit-sharing as a publicity stunt—reflecting the union's perennial desire to get a peek at the company's books. Curtice offers a broad array of data to show that automobile prices are in fact competitive and that of the \$125 increase in cost of production of GM's 1958 composite passenger car (the costs of the various models weighted by proportionate sales) only \$74 was recovered through mark-up in the wholesale price.

Actually, when the upcoming wage negotiations get down to brass tacks, the profit-sharing plan may be put aside rather early. The UAW has made it clear that it

also has in mind a group of more traditional demands—enlarging the productivity factor and the cost-of-living escalator in the present agreement, improving the supplementary employment benefits, making smaller improvements in pension arrangements. Moreover with a backlog of some million unsold cars as the time for negotiations approaches, a soft sell and a short contract rather than a strike would seem the likely union posture, and although Mr. Reuther contests the Kefauver Committee's intimation that his plan is "vague and indefinite," important features clearly remain to be worked out.

While some 90 percent of the 3,000 delegates at the UAW convention voted in favor of the idea, it flies in the face of past union attitudes (including UAW attitudes) on profit-sharing. Mr. Meany, at a press conference in Miami last week, said that profit-sharing seems to be one thing when offered by the company and another when proposed by labor, and while his comment was intended as a criticism of the Big Three attitude, it cuts both ways. When offered by the company, profit-sharing has in the past been generally regarded by unionists as a technique of forestalling union organization by giving employees a feeling of "togetherness" with management: the plan of the Lincoln Electric Company in Cleveland, with an annual guarantee of 30 hours of work a week plus generous profit-sharing checks at year's end, and no union, is a case in point.

And in spite of Mr. Reuther's mention of profit-sharing in firms which have provided two members of the present Cabinet—Mr. Folsom of Eastman Kodak and Mr. McElroy of Proctor & Gamble—such plans as applied to workers on the assembly line are rather unusual. (In a recent study of 17 major labor markets, the BLS found only around 13 percent of office workers and 6 to 7 percent of plant workers so covered.)

☆

Furthermore, Mr. Reuther's new idea could give him some political headaches within his union. One of the points he made in testimony is that his plan is not inflationary because the increases it would bring to the income of union members would come from profits that had already been made on the basis of existing costs, rather than from wage increases that would be added to costs. But the profitability of the arrangement to the individual union member would vary sharply depending on where he works. UAW members at Studebaker-Packard, which is not making profits, would be in a very different position from UAW members at GM. There would even be differentials among GM workers; Mr. Reuther proposed in testimony that profits from each producer—from refrigerators to Chevrolets—should be treated separately. And when questioned on the point of equity among the membership, Mr. Reuther countered that the representatives of Studebaker-Packard workers had supported his plan at the convention. It was perhaps an over-simple answer.

BE MY VALENTINE

*(Probable sequel to the American-Soviet agreement
on cultural exchanges)*

I

(To Washington)

THIS valentine is just to tell
We may in co-existence dwell
If you will scrap the H-bomb test
And atom bases in the West.
My tender passion I declare,
And here enclose a lock of hair,
But if my courtship should be spurned
I pray that it may be returned.

II

(To Moscow)

The lily's white, the violet's blue,
The rose is red and so are you.
I your proposal keep in mind,
But don't suppose I'm color-blind.

III

(To Washington)

Though love so far seems unrequited
I hope our lives will be united,
On wings of hope these words will fly
To join the hearts of U and I,
For no good reason can I see
That parts the hearts of
B and D.

IV

(To Moscow)

Your note between the lines I read,
But still await a sign, sir;
Unless you follow word with deed,
I'm not your valentine, sir.

V

(To Washington)

Good-morrow, valentine, betimes,
With boundless hope I greet you;
My heart right to the summit climbs,
And there I trust I'll meet you.
Just take my word you won't repine
If you will be my valentine.

VI

(To Moscow)

In spite of all the vows you make
I see no sign of give and take;
I don't believe the love you swear
And so return your lock of hair,
Your fond attentions I decline,
You diplomatic valentine.

SAGITTARIUS

PORTRAITS OF OUR CITIES—1

Washington

by PATRICK O'DONOVAN

SOMEWHERE at the heart of America there is a myth that comes rather closer to the truth than do the myths that animate other nations. It is a concept of a noble and moderate republicanism. Under it, the last tobacco-chewing voter claims a dignity denied to the citizens of countries oppressed by too long and too elaborate a history. America stripped a man down to his manhood and his innocence, and what was lost in the process was—in the balance—not worth keeping. Few nations have ever conceived of their citizenship possessing such marvellous, such charismatic powers.

Those rare clerks and squires who began all this fashioned the outline of the myth for themselves. Very soon they wanted a city that would be worthy of it, and the idea has been entertained by generations of legislators whose loyalties and interests lay far from the swamp on the Potomac. Somehow, the idea that their new city should express their ideal survived. The ideal was often obscured, even from the start. It has, in its time, been expressed clumsily, falsely and sometimes with an offensive ugliness. The greatness of the intentions remained, however, though even this could not ensure great building.

The city of Washington was begun at a period when sure taste in building was waning, and it grew through a time when it was almost dead. Until quite recently, it was a city without a hinterland. Its development was often neglected, or subjected to municipal dishonesties; it has been sacked a little by foreign troops; it has stood on the frontiers of a civil war. For long years it was a by-word for inconvenience, nastiness and pretense. But the idea of the city was always there. Even Tom Moore at the beginning of the century saw a little of this through his totally unsympathetic eyes:

In fancy now, beneath this twilight gloom,
Come let me lead thee o'er this "second Rome,"

.....

This embryo capital, where fancy sees
Squares in morasses, obelisks in trees;
Which second sighted seers, ev'n now adorn
With shrines unbuilt and heroes yet unborn
Though nought but woods and Jefferson they see
Where streets should run and sages ought to be.

PATRICK O'DONOVAN, *correspondent for the London Observer, has been in this country since 1955. This is the first in a series of portraits of our cities—Chicago will be next.*



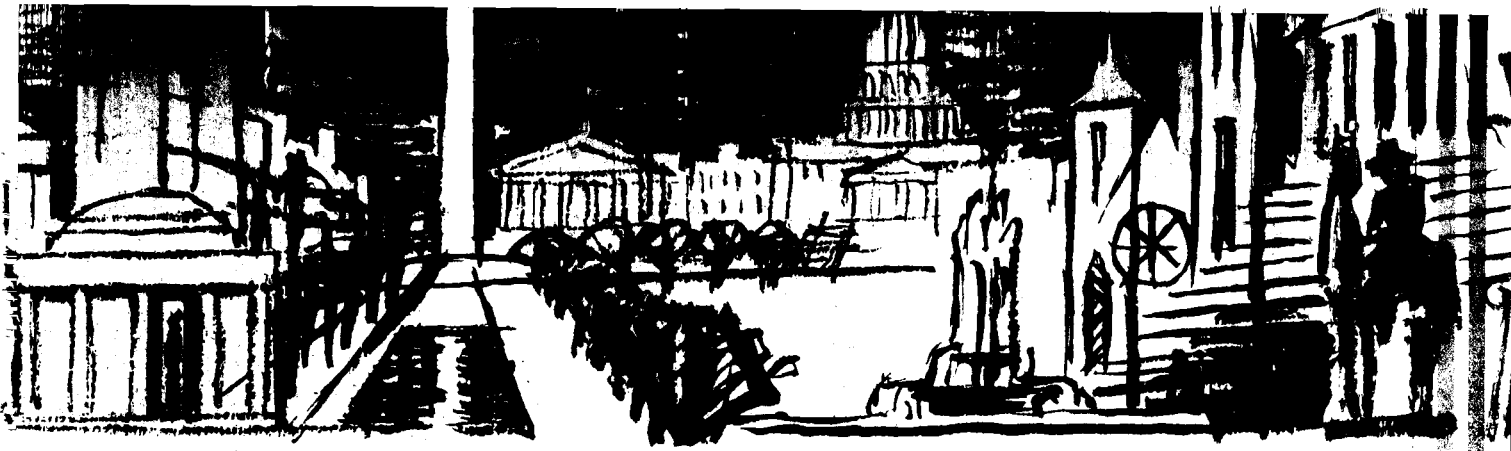
The myth city that he mocked is here now and it is a curious and brave achievement. Perhaps, too, it is admirable evidence of the reality of the kernel of unattainable human idealism deep set in America.

It is not a metropolitan capital as London and Paris are. It is a center neither for trade nor for intellectual life. It is a contrived center for government and a theatre for the outward expression of inward drives. The result is a city that inevitably falls short of its pretensions. There is small reason why the student of architecture should closely study this place.

But it is most famous for its ground plan, laid down for the most part in a triangle between the Potomac and the Anacostia Rivers. It is dominated by the Capitol, which, when pride and affection are discounted, must be described as an awkward building, primitive rather than powerful. Running away from this is a fantastic contrived vista—The Mall. It is two miles long and reaches to the River. It is lined with government departments and museums. It is a tremendous effort, yet it plays so small a part in the city, is so out of scale to the human figure, that it has little meaning. And it looks as if it is lined with railway stations.

This is not to say that the temples of this ideal are commonplace. Their size, their richness, the value of their marble and bronze alone make them remarkable. They smack of Ephesus rather than of Athens or even of Rome. Apart from the Capitol and its collection of statues that is among the oddest in the world, there is the Supreme Court, scholarly in design and very expensive. It has a great empty atrium which would suit the waving of togas and a court room hung with red velvet, but kept human by the scuffed, country doctor chairs of the Justices. There is the National Gallery, so marvelously wasteful, with its acres of marble and groves of columns, that you enjoy it for its shameless splendor. But these, and others, are only the adornment on the city, not the city itself, ceremonial buildings that contain no ceremony, but which enclose and celebrate a citizen's view of himself. It comes to seem, after a little, one of the proudest gestures that man has ever made.

The majestic, almost mad plan has, of course, been considerably modified in practice. And it lies almost imbedded in the city, like the skeleton within a fat lady. The vistas are somehow too big to be comprehended, so they do not awe



Cathedral or as do the sharp and mathematical canyons of the city of New York which end in the sky. You quickly grow unaware of the splendor. You do not often get that flash of recurring pleasure that felicitous town squares and streets elsewhere can give even to old inhabitants.

In fact, the great plan was laid down across the soggy countryside and the city, the real city, has fitted itself into its crevices and spare spaces with a pleasant urban clutter. These have set down roots and you may live or work in one of innumerable, chaotically contrasting neighborhoods that altogether make a gentle, almost provincial city, as undemanding as, say, Lyons, uncereceremonious, comfortable—even cozy.

There are tangles of streets for the rich—or so they were intended—where shoulder to shoulder and all determinedly different, stand dark-faced Edwardian mansions with bulging fronts and a ponderous overhang of stone around their doors. Houses that were surely built for respectable merchants engaged in the less reputable aspects of the China trade, where the curtains enclose a generation of cigar smoke and the portraits of Mama are offset by well-polished brass and an elephant's foot for the walking sticks and umbrellas.

There are hundreds of pink brick streets for Negroes with little balconies held on fretted pillars, where the children play in the street, the curtains suggest underclothes and the air of decorum slips a little. There are old suburbs submerged in flowering shrubs where the houses stand respectably apart on wiry lawns and dimly recall Queen Anne with a degree of unostentatious comfort that has been achieved nowhere else in the world.

There are hefty mansions, which never quite match their size with architectural confidence, standing on surprising cliffs above the ravines and forests that cut again and again through the city. There is the old town, set apart as an eccentric though desirable quarter—Georgetown—where the scale and character changes utterly and the 18th and 19th Centuries have been rescued from squalor and restored to perfection, painted as bright as toys, where the pavements are brick and all the houses are up to their eyes in trees and the whole so pretty, so caught in an aspic of good taste that it is hard to remember that it is authentic. It is the most intimate and habitable of quarters. If it occurred in England, it would be regularly advertised in America. And around it all are the real suburbs, littering the hills and the thin woods,

with the spic and span, up to the moment, small payment down and children welcomed version of a colonial past in brick and a near classless present in relationships. And if all this sounds hostile, or carping, the fact remains that there are fewer offensive or ugly things in Washington than, probably, in any other city of its size in the world.

Yet it is not wholly fair to treat Washington as a city. It is, in fact, a vast, convenient and commodious transit camp. Few of its influential citizens are born or plan to be buried here. Its garrison is a continuously changing one. It is a place where men come to make their names, in a sort of civil service novitiate or spend the prime working years of their lives or come for part of the year because of their seasonal duties. Its society is therefore curiously artificial and the ritual farewell or "to meet Mr. So-and-So" party among its most frequent occasions.

WASHINGTON life, then, despite the city's monumental solidarity on the ground, has a tenuous quality, curiously proper to so mobile a civilization. Here in their thousands are the young bachelors or newlyweds awaiting foreign assignment or promotion, living in part of someone else's house or in a house that they intend soon to sell at a profit. Marie Laurencin prints and an oatmeal carpet are for the beginners. The successful can tell they have arrived when they have not only a thicket of Chippendale legs to their furniture and a near Gainsborough inset among the books in the library, but own the things as well. It is not a place in which to get drunk, or to seek fine food, or the formal entertainment that goes with a matching set of dining-room chairs, real wealth and the concentration of all one's possessions. It is not a place for creative writers or for people who like frivolity or for long conversations about the nature of God or for people who delight in a settled relationship with corps of old and accepted friends.

The business of this place is government and almost everything else is subordinate to or a by-product of this essential purpose. For this it is admirably adapted. It is also a shrine city, not to be judged as other cities. There is the quiet respectable city like a huge Cathedral close. There is the public city which visitors view with decent awe. There may be yet another one, for all I know, where you can get a rattling good time in the evenings of a Convention. But that is entirely beside the point.



The Superficial Aspect

Out of Control

PERHAPS the situation is better, but it is arguable. At last we have launched a satellite *à la Russe*—but two of our nations are missing. Syria and Yemen have gone down the drain, and reports from Iraq are not reassuring. President Eisenhower is interested in maintaining civilian control over outer space, but democratic control of surface space is steadily dwindling. A cynic might infer that the President's interest in outer space is sparked by a foreboding that democracy is going to have to get off the earth.

But it is probably something quite different. It is more likely the President's fear, or the fear of those around him, that the American people are likely to get out of hand unless they are constantly reined in. It appears now that the Army was all set to go with this satellite in 1956. If it had been permitted to proceed our satellite would have led Sputnik by a matter of two years; instead, it is trailing by four months.

It is perfectly true that the satellite, in and of itself, amounts to little; but the prestige attached to being the first in outer space amounts to a great deal. The Administration, however, is not worried about prestige. It is worried about the budget, which for more than 20 years has been largely out of control of the established financial interests; and it is an article of faith among the well-heeled that when the budget is out of control of sound bankers, ruin is upon us.

The historical fact is, of course, that during the 20 years in which the budget was intelligently used for the support of the nation, rather than the support of the bond market, the national economy climbed from a state of complete prostration to a level of wealth and power that it had never touched before. But we got rich without paying due deference to bankers; and it is wrong to get rich in that way.

So for five years the Administration, manned at the top by millionaires, has been employing every imaginable device to damp down this roaring energy that has, in fact, made us wealthy and great, but that has wrecked the nervous systems of thinkers of the Harry Byrd type—

men who do not believe that the modern world really exists, but is an illusion created by wizards led by the monstrous Roosevelt, a merger of Merlin, Cagliostro and Eblis, commander of the Jinn.

They have not been able to have their way entirely. Pressure of outside events has forced their hand from time to time, and Sputnik nearly upset the applecart altogether. But they have done enough to drag us down from the leadership of the free world, and to inspire the Russians with hope that they may, after all, take over the earth without firing a shot. It is a considerable achievement, even if the profit thereof is being collected by the Communists, not by us.

Unfortunately for them, however, the universe seems to be governed by certain laws that cannot be set aside even by executive order. One of them was neatly stated years ago by the corn-fed bard, Walt Mason: "O human head! Majestic box! O wondrous can, from labels free! If man is craving fame or rocks, he'll get them if he uses thee!" But he will not retain them unless he continues the use indefinitely.

It is undeniable that the Republican Party used its head when it nominated Eisenhower, back in 1952, but that effort apparently exhausted it. The Administration was barely three months old when Eisenhower announced unctuously that the party had at least succeeded in "raising the moral tone of Washington," and on that very day a knave snatched \$165,000 of newly-printed money right in Washington—more cash than had been stolen in a single grab during Truman's seven years. Right then this superficial observer began to suspect that this Administration, like Warren G. Harding, "lacks mentality."

THAT impression has not been erased by anything that has happened since. The loss of Congress in 1954 deepened it; so did the relegation to the rear of the men who put Ike across in 1952—Dewey, Saltonstall, Lodge and their associates—and the disappearance from our sphere of influence of Indonesia, Siam, Egypt, Syria, Yemen, as well as the growing coolness of India and Western Europe, who can't actually leave us, but obviously would like to.

The sombre fact is that the banner of the Great Crusade turned out to be no oriflamme, but a wet blanket, and its war-cry is a whispered, "Don't rock the boat!" How long the American public will continue mesmerized is debatable, but eventually it will discover that it is being led away from the battle. For as loss follows loss, the strategy of the Administration is to launch no counter-attack, but to deny that any real loss occurs. The progress of the Cold War can be aptly described by adapting the phrase of a long-gone British editors: in the face of continuing defeat Mr. Eisenhower folds his hands; Mr. Dulles wrings his hands; and Mr. Khrushchev rubs his hands.

GERALD W. JOHNSON

Notes on the Cuban Revolution

by DANIEL M. FRIEDENBERG

A WARM SUN glows overhead and benign breezes blow on this January day as the cluster of American tourists come out of the plane at Rancho Boyeros Airport and roll into town in a luxurious limousine. The boulevard is broad and smooth, twinkling lights inform us in English and Spanish that Esso saves kilometers, Hatuey beer tastes better, the Tropicana is the finest night club. "Look," says the driver, pointing to a partially completed sports stadium. "The largest cantilevered concrete structure in the world."

"*Obra de Batista*" states the sign in black letters: "A work of Batista," General Fulgencio Batista, the dictator of Cuba.

The limousine swings through Miramar, the rich residential suburb and the pink, green and blue villas flaming with tropical plants arouse sighs of admiration from the American tourists.

We pass a new hospital. "*Obra de Batista*."

The limousine discharges its first group at one of the outlying hotels, which occupies many acres carefully manicured into grassy groves and gardens. Above the dome of the city we can see a lime-green gridiron box sticking into the sky. "The new Hilton Hotel," happily announces the driver. "It will cost \$25 million before it is finished."

We swing into town along the Avenida Maceo fronting the open sea. Huge waves of sapphire break across the seawall. Down the bay we can see the romantic walls of the old Spanish fort, white against the blue sky.

"*Obra de Batista*." The huge sign is placed athwart the foundations for a primary school.

"What a paradise," murmurs a sweet-faced American woman. "What a paradise," echoes another tourist.



Havana—"The economic problem can be put very simply," states my Spanish friend. He is a refugee from Spain, a Madrilenian who escaped four years ago and is now a waiter in one of the best restaurants. "Although the land is incredibly rich, sugar cane, the crop which is the backbone of Cuban life, requires only three or four months of labor from cutting through milling. The same is true for crops such as tobacco and coffee. Except for the employees of the telephone and electric companies,

the mass of workers throughout the island are idle the rest of the year. What we need desperately is industry which will give yearly employment. The political system is a reflection of this economic chaos. The large plantation and mill owners, who control the island through the Army, choose politicians who reflect their interest. Paradoxically, the same men are so afraid the system may collapse through revolution they refuse to invest capital in Cuba and send it instead to the United States. But they encourage American investment: let American money be confiscated if a revolution comes!

"The result is that Cuba is becoming more and more like Puerto Rico, economically controlled by a combination of large Cuban landowners and American industrial corporations. The penetration is going even further: Americans, who have controlled the sugar mills for many years, are now buying into the plantation oligarchy."

"But I understand that most of the rich are opposed to Batista," I said.

"Yes, because he hasn't stuck to the rules of the game. Instead of being a Salazar, a quiet and retiring dictator, he has now begun to act like Franco and Trujillo. But the rich have no choice but to support him, distasteful as it may be. For they, like your American companies, are afraid of change. They prefer the known evil to the unknown evil. They see *cocos*, bogies, in every closet."

He laughed contemptuously.

"I wish they were right. Unfortunately, however, this is a most respectable revolution. The leaders like Fidel Castro speckle it with socialist phrases to garner the radical element, but all they want is free elections and a free press. Without changing the economic background of the system all you will have is another Palace Revolution, a change in the façade and a new dictator in 10 years."

"I understand that Batista has guaranteed free elections this coming June."

"*Vaya!* Last October our so-called Congress set up a new Army title, a 5-Star General. The most they have had up to this point is 4-star generals. And who do you think will occupy that exalted post? Batista, of course. He will continue to pull the strings and if the puppets don't move fast enough, he will throw them out."

"Is that not all the more reason to admire Fidel Castro," I asked? "It takes a lot of guts to go into the mountains, to fight almost alone against an all-powerful dictator."

"Guts, yes, but this too." José tapped his head. "In-

DANIEL M. FRIEDENBERG, whose articles on Latin American affairs have appeared in this journal, has just returned from Cuba.

telligence. Without strength in Havana he is doomed. Havana is Cuba in the political sense. And Batista is a sly dog. He has got so many construction projects going, there is no absolute misery in Havana, only the kind of misery Cubans are used to. He has closed the high schools and universities throughout the entire island for fear of students . . . let them become ditch diggers and masons! more glory to the Nation! Only let them not learn to think."

I returned to the *Fidelistas*, the name given to the partisans of Fidel Castro. "Are you saying that the rebels in the Sierra Maestra Mountains are only concerned with power?"

"Perhaps I have lived too long and seen too much," my friend replied. "I am not a young man anymore and I saw what happened with our Spanish Republic. We should have shot all the generals and nobility at once but we let our leaders convince us that the way of moderation was right. I am wary of rich men's sons and lawyers, like this Fidel. They have golden tongues yet at heart they are afraid of the poor, the dark skinned and the ignorant. But I have a young friend at Manzanillo, in Oriente province, where the rebellion is strong. He is full of passion and ideas about a new Cuba. He is a partisan of Fidel. Go to him and perhaps he will tell you what I am too cynical to believe."



Camaguey—The road from Havana to Oriente province, the easternmost district of Cuba, is almost 1,000 miles long. This narrow two-lane highway is the blood artery connecting all the major cities throughout the island. Our bus started out early in the morning. The road was being repaired every few miles and long lines of trucks bearing cattle, vegetables and mechanical goods stood waiting to pass through the detours. Our driver, after one long delay, began cursing in a loud voice. "*Ladrones!* robbers! our government robs us of all we have. All the government knows how to do is to steal our money. And look at this road." The passenger behind him joined in and said bluntly: "If only Fidel wins!" Several other passengers nodded assent. The driver continued: "And if he fails us after so many thieves, *se acaba Cuba*. Cuba is finished." A corporal in uniform shook his head sadly. A violent political discussion broke out with not a single person supporting Batista.

I turned to my neighbor: were they not afraid of the security police with such talk. He smiled. "It is the custom here. They would have to arrest the entire population if they tried to make us hold our tongues."



The headline of *Prensa Libre*, popular Havana newspaper, announces that a group of young men were caught travelling on a train in the province of Oriente with a guide from the Sierra Maestra Mountains. This, of course, is where the "bandits" or "Communists,"

as the government-controlled press alternately describes the *Fidelistas* hold sway. A picture of the arrested men shows very dejected faces: and indeed they should be dejected from the stories one hears of police treatment in Cuba. Here, the world is upside down. Criminals have been drafted into the security police, similar to the SS in Nazi Germany or the *Guardia Civil* in Spain, and honest people are in jail.

The city of Camaguey, capitol of the province of the same name, is a rich conservative agricultural center. Narrow streets with grillwork balconies, time-stained churches, rich white planters and Negro manual workers, devotional pictures in store windows and sedate señoras with downcast eyes: this is a piece of old Cuba, very Catholic and very Spanish, a million miles from Havana in spirit.

I went to see the museum. I found the iron fence tightly chained. One of the innumerable men selling lottery tickets stopped, looked at me warily—"Esta cerrado. It's the Revolution. They bombed el Encanto two weeks ago and all the public buildings are closed up now."

How Spanish, too, I thought, was this indiscriminate love of bombing, how close to that anarchist instance so dear to the Iberian heart. One can understand bombing of police stations, Army posts, military jeeps. But the oppressed Latin—whether Argentines setting fire to churches in Buenos Aires or Colombians to the National Museum at Bogota—follow their forebearers in Spain in regarding *culture* itself as the instrument of their oppression. To the outsider it would seem as though terroristic bombing would only succeed in scaring away persons of means, much as the middle class was so terrified of anarchism in Spain that it created the Falange movement. Fidel Castro and his men are now busily trying to burn the sugar cane harvest in the hope of disturbing the economy to the extent that the mass of workers will be driven from passivity to active revolt. It is an interesting question whether this *politique de pire* can work in Cuba.

But one thing is sure. When the revolutionary movement can find active adherents in a provincial capitol as narrow and conservative as Camaguey, it is already deep in the roots of the nation.



Santiago de Cuba—Our bus left Camaguey in the bright sunlight, charging and discharging its cargo at the small towns. Three of us sat together, the only passengers scheduled to drive straight through to Santiago de Cuba. The man to my left immediately burst into talk.

"Un americano!" He was enraptured. A merchant from Santiago, he was returning home from Camaguey and was anxious to point out all the virtues of his native province of Oriente. As we passed the fields he described their produce and various other vital statistics.

"Have you been to Santiago before?" he asked.

"No," I replied. "This is my first trip."

"It's too bad you are coming at this time," he said, "with all the disturbances, you won't be able to see much."

"And why not?" The voice was from the seat in front of us. A woman turned and glared at the man. "And why shouldn't he come?"

"You know what I mean," the man said uneasily.

"*Nada* . . . a nothing at all. You know as well as I do that there is no trouble at Santiago. Why do you want to give the American ideas?"

"I read that there were several serious bombings in Santiago last month," I couldn't help saying.

"Nonsense," she snapped, her metallic glasses shining on a hooked nose. "Where did you read that nonsense?"

"In a New York paper."

"Don't you have bombings in the United States?" she demanded. "Every once in a while these things happen."

"But not the way I read about in Cuba now."

"Bandits, mere bandits. They live in the hills and come down to prey on honest people at night," she said. "It's like that all through Latin America."

The man winked at me and pulled his eye, a Spanish gesture meaning pay attention to what is going to happen.

We had traversed the lowlands covered by a matting of orange, pineapple and mango bushes and were approaching Holguin. On the left was spread a large military encampment. At the entrance to the camp, encased by sand bags, machine-gun nests were mounted. Soldiers were busily stringing a tall barbed-wire fence around the encampment. Jeeps could be seen coming up the road from the city.

In Holguin itself, the bus made a stop and the woman with the metallic glasses got out to go to the ladies room.

"*Estúpida, fea, enamorada del general* . . .," the man muttered, watching her leave. . . . "Stupid, ugly, lover of Batista."

"She's a rich old maid," he added. "One like that makes up with her cackling for the rest of us who have to keep silent at Santiago."

"I was told anyone could say anything against the government in Cuba."

"Yes, at Havana, at Santa Clara, at Camaguey . . . but not in Oriente province. They are so nervous here, they are liable to do anything."

The bus took off again. To the right, then also on the left, the low blue hills of the Sierra Maestra could soon be seen. We entered and passed through Bayamo in the very late afternoon.

On the far side of Bayamo, the last lowland connection between Santiago de Cuba and Manzanillo in the range of the Sierra Maestra, stretched an enormous Army depot. The bus slowed down at a roadblock and a sergeant followed by two soldiers entered. They looked at

the three of us, the only remaining passengers. The woman and man, both local residents of Santiago, were known.

"*Es un turista, un americano* . . . He's a tourist, an American," the man to whom I had been talking said. The sergeant looked at my bag. Fortunately I had been cautious enough not to take my typewriter. He asked me to take out the contents of my bag and tapped the bottom. He prodded under my seat. Then he descended and the two soldiers sat in the front seat, rifles on their knees.

"This is *nada*?" I said to my fellow traveller. He winked and pulled his eye again. The ugly old maid had dropped her seat back and pretended to be asleep.

We started to mount the Sierra Maestra foothills as darkness fell. One of the soldiers went through the bus and turned off the lights. The highway was deserted except for an occasional military truck. The tropical foliage threw strange shapes on the roadbed as the headlights blinked. And then suddenly I realized that we were passing through *enemy territory*. For never except in Kenya during the height of the Mau Mau revolt had I seen armed guards necessary on a bus travelling through a main artery. On back roads in primitive countries such as Iran and Ethiopia it is sometimes necessary to use precautions. But this was the Grand Highway connecting two of the largest cities of Cuba!

At the small town of Contramaestre, in the gloom of night, the bus pulled up to another bivouac. Two additional troopers entered. Now the bus entered the wilds. I looked out at the twinkling stars and blessed Fidel Castro. Right or wrong, winner or loser, it is men like this young lawyer who prove that humanity still has some dignity. Against hopeless odds this Cuban with a few friends entered the gauge and roused an entire province in guerrilla warfare against a despotic central government. At first sneered at, then remarked, now feared, the young man in the mountain has forced an all-powerful dictator to ring the largest province of Cuba with soldiers, to double his armed forces and rule the rest of his possessions with an ever-more tyrannic hand. If only as a tribute to the human spirit, we must commend Fidel Castro.

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Today was quiet. There were ten boys who were cornered in a house in the upper part of town and those remaining alive after the shooting were taken to prison. Eight bombs went off, two at the elementary school—all other schools are closed—and one down the block from my hotel. Driving in a local bus to the coast, I saw a man garroted by the throat to a tree; most ironically, across from San Juan Hill where the Americans aided in the liberation of Cuba.

Things have been tapering off since last October, when the second full-scale revolt was put down in such a blood bath that even the most hot tempered youths have

lost some of their nerve. At that time the corpses were piled so high that they had to use the beautiful new hospital that Batista built—but which has never received any patients because there are no doctors to staff it—as a center for carting bodies to the cemetery. "*Obra de Batista*," people commented: "Work of Batista."

The military dictatorship of Cuba controls Santiago as Russia controls Hungary. Everywhere on the streets can be seen the secret police, long shirts hanging over their pants to cover the pistols. Claspings their infamous zipper bags, holding submachine guns ready for immediate action, they eye the passers-by. The professional Army is rarely seen; the men are quartered in the big Cuartel outside town so the secret police can have a free hand.

Apparently the "government" (why one calls Batista the government is hard to say since he took power in a military coup over the legally-elected President) was so maddened a year ago over its failure to wipe out the *Fidelistas*, that it decided to make an example of the city representing resistance: Santiago de Cuba. War was declared against the young, the former high school and college students, who are the core of the fight. Indeed, the population has been so thinned out that women are a drug on the market. The most beautiful girls stand hours on the terrace of this hotel, the remaining center for the few Americans who pass through, and search for a slight sign of interest. To know this is going on a few hundred miles from the American coastline; to know with certainty that the Ambassador of the United States in Cuba was eye witness to a typical example of terror by Batista's secret police in this city and was silenced by Washington after his elemental decency made him protest; to know that every diplomat of worth in our State Department is silently acquiescing in the support of a thug called an anti-Communist for lack of any other description—and more exactly, for another vote in the United Nations as defenders of the Free World—to know this makes one shudder for our country. It indicates a complete bankruptcy of political ideas and integrity or, perhaps more precisely, a rationalization that Cubans are not human beings like unto ourselves and therefore need not be a bother so long as they support our foreign policy.

I was cautioned by the few resident Americans, including the official correspondents of some of our national publications, not to show concern with social problems. Two Americans caught asking questions in a bar several months ago were beaten so badly by the police they had to be hospitalized before leaving the country. Indeed, the primary function of our consul at Santiago is to prevent the murder of American opponents of the dictator and at the same time avoid giving the incidents any publicity. "You are being watched already," a Texan stationed with an American oil company warned me. "They have learned from experience that no US citizen comes down here at this time simply as a tourist. Be

careful and, for God's sake, don't stick your neck out when it doesn't concern you."



The elegant young man with the immaculate white suit leaned back and smiled.

"You are just like the other Americans when they arrive. But wait. If you were here a few months you would soon change your mind and adopt that skeptical detachment which is the mark of a civilized man."

"At least a 19th Century civilized man with an independent income," I added.

"But you must understand Cuban history and politics before you judge the present situation," he continued. "Properly speaking, we don't have laws but rather a kind of organized system of loot, as though your famous Al Capone ran the United States through buying out the Army by means of his gambling interests. We don't even have capitalism, though my father would swoon if he heard me say this, but something more closely resembling the feudal system, with each senator a duke in his own county, holding the major plantations and a private army."

"A nice situation," I remarked.

"No, but you're wrong," he answered, "It fits our temperament very well. We play to win and the stakes are deadly serious. Do you realize what it means to get to the top in Cuba? No petty gifts of fur coats or a five percent kickback for services rendered, but the revenue of the entire state! We have no income tax, no real middle class, no unions of consequence. Top dog takes all, I believe is the colloquial expression in English. It is said that Prio, the president thrown out by Batista after only a few years in power, pocketed \$30-40 million. Batista is reported to be worth more than \$200 million. I read in one of your American magazines that he gave his wife \$8 million as a divorce settlement, the largest recorded so far. Stakes like that make life interesting."

"Apparently the mass of people are not as 'skeptically detached' as you are. They are the ones who have to pay for it."

"The mass! what of the mass? They are so ignorant they sell their votes to the highest bidder. You should see them lined up for their five peso bills at election time! Every one of your mass secretly dreams of becoming a Batista, who came himself from the poorest of the poor. In fact, that is the real reason the system can't be changed. Each of these insurgents hopes that his turn will be next, that he will catch the golden goose."

"And Fidel Castro?"

"Fidel Castro! Who is Fidel but one of the outs trying to get in. He is a professional agitator. Did you read that his program calls for nationalizing the principal industries of Cuba? Can you imagine the loot that would accrue if the graft system took hold of the economic as well as the political realm! Now, to get a

driver's license, an affidavit, a visa, one must pay graft. Can you see what would happen if this were extended to the business world as well! Cuba would be paralyzed within the year."

"So you think the insurgents have no chance of winning?"

"Not unless a miracle occurs. The fire has gone out of the movement. The people are tired of bloodshed. Here in Santiago there has been a death in every family, and always the young. Then, sadism can be very effective. No one likes to run the gamut of nails being torn out, beatings with the blunt edge of the machete, sexual mutilation. The people are weary and becoming passive. They see that the insurgents have missed every big opportunity and that Batista is as strong as ever. Fidel Castro is well on his way to becoming more of a myth than a political reality. The government, knowing he can't be driven out of the mountain wilds, has forged a chain around the Sierra Maestra, cutting off all reinforcements and matériel. Occasionally he makes a raid on an isolated outpost or sacks a village, but he has to clear out before the Army moves in. In my opinion, Fidel's destiny is to be considered a kind of intellectual Zapata, a sort of Cuban folklore figure."

"At bottom, of course, what is killing the revolution is Cuban prosperity. This has been the richest year in our history. Because of a rise in the world price of sugar, our income on this one crop alone has risen almost one-third. Even after the cream is cut off by the clique at the top, enough cake is left to dampen revolutionary spirits. And American investments have grown enormously since assured of stability by Batista."

He stopped for a moment pensively. "It may be that this influx of capital will determine the future of our political life more than the present rebellion. In truth, unwittingly, it is you Americans who are destroying our way of life. For once your capital investment creates a middle class, Batista or Fidel, revolution or reaction, the middle class will have to eliminate graft and corruption in self defense. You are the real revolutionaries, not Fidel."



Manzanillo—I stood at the window and looked over the darkened town. The power supply of the city had been cut off just before my arrival at the hotel. On the hill, where the Cuartel was located, emergency floodlights were playing on the plains beyond. A machine gun started to rattle-tattle; some nervous soldier must have imagined a moving shadow to be the enemy. Jeeps roared past the hotel with riflemen on the boards. Across the street, at the open windows, people were craning their necks to see if a rebel attack was to be launched. It was two weeks ago that a group had struck deep into the suburbs 15 miles from town. And only yesterday, at the small center of Palma Soriano, the *Fidelistas* had ambushed a bus, stripped the soldiers of their guns and

burned the fuel in the tank. I had seen the blackened remains coming through. It was civil war.

The next morning news passed it was a false alarm, a natural break in a power line. But guards stood at all corners and military trucks carrying loads of armed soldiers ceaselessly circled the city.

I called my contact that afternoon.

"*Quién habla?*" the voice on the other side of the phone asked after I explained I wanted to talk to Señor Pepe. . . .

"*Un amigo de José,*" I answered, using our agreed-upon password.

A new voice now spoke. "*Habla español?*"

"*Si.*"

We met in my room at the Casablanca Hotel. Pepe, barely out of his teens, was one of the opposition commandos for Fidel Castro in the Manzanillo district. Short and dark, he flourished the heavy moustaches Cubans so love.

"That was quite a business last night," I started off. "Was it really a natural break or sabotage?"

"Nothing at all," he snorted. "These poor devils (*pobrecitos*) are so on edge they are liable to fire at their grandmothers. With the high schools closed down and little work around, they join the Army just to eat. There is a big difference between those rabbits and us . . . if we only had one-tenth of their guns and a little heavy armor, Batista would fall in a week."

"The *New York Times* printed an article I read recently in Havana which said you took the city for a day. Was that true?"

"That was a confusion of the suburbs with the city," he said. "We didn't enter Manzanillo. Why should we? There is nothing here worth losing our soldiers over. We control the entire coastline between Santiago de Cuba and Manzanillo at night when our shipments come in and we can always take the city itself when we want to. The main purpose of these raids is to remind the outside world and our Cuban people that we exist, that we are growing in strength and that we will win."

"How many men are actually fighting in the mountains with Fidel?"

"The exact amount is kept secret, though our leader has admitted to 1,000 soldiers. But this refers only to the men in the field on a full-time professional basis. In fact, the sadistic policy of Batista throughout Oriente province has made the entire population our allies. The entire youth of Santiago de Cuba would come with us if we could supply them with guns. And, of course, the estimates do not include our irregulars, of which properly speaking I am one. In every city, in every town of Cuba we have friends, many of them so high up that the dictator himself would be astonished. When the day comes, the decisive hour, tens of thousands throughout the island will rally to us and then the people, knowing our strength, will follow."

"Don't mind if I speak harshly," I continued. "Fidel Castro has said the same thing in several interviews, but each time he or his friends struck they have been defeated. The uprising in Santiago de Cuba over a year ago, the second uprising there a few months back, the attempt to take the Presidential Palace at Havana the naval uprising at Cienfuegos . . . all failed. The mass of the people didn't follow."

"At Santiago de Cuba you are absolutely wrong. The people did follow us and the butchery was awful. At Cienfuegos, the Navy behaved with honor but the Army stayed loyal to its master. Havana is the real question, though."

He stopped and considered.

"Batista cannot root us out of the mountains. He sent in a force of more than 5,000 men last year and we drove them back. And that was last year! We are so strong in Oriente province now we have set up our own schools and judicial system. Rather than attack, the Army cowers in its Cuartels trying to avoid trouble. Yet, on the other hand, it is quite obvious that we cannot beat the dictator operating in this one province alone."

"Our chief tactical problem, thus," he continued, "is to organize a concerted attack in Oriente with an uprising in Havana. Batista hasn't enough loyal troops to hold both areas under major assault, particularly since the connective railroad and highway can easily be severed. Why do you see all those '*Obra de Batista*' bread and circus signs at Havana? He is desperately afraid of both the people and his own Army commanders. What his primitive intelligence cannot grasp, however, is that his own repressive policy is bound to backfire, just as the same kind of policy backfired in Argentina, Colombia and Venezuela."

He took me to the window and pointed to the Cuartel with passion. "Do you know that right now scores of men are being tortured in ways taken straight from the Inquisition? Do you know that one of your countrymen is being held incommunicado there?" He spat on the floor. "All the public works in the world won't keep the

Cuban people in slavery. We are not *Dominicans*. We fought the Spaniards. We would have fought the Americans if they tried to stay! And we still fight and win over our own tyrants!"

◇ ◇ ◇

After breakfast, strolling only two blocks from the railroad station I passed two bodies with their faces down, the back of their heads blown off. Blood was splattered over the street for at least 20 feet, as though they had run like chickens with heads severed. The citizens furtively walked by, afraid to stop. They didn't want to get involved in any question.

Today the town began to fill with rumors, those sudden rumors that spring up from nowhere. They say an attack is being planned, that the rebels received a large shipment of arms recently and feel much stronger. Who knows whether it is true or false? But of one thing I am sure; I am getting out. As far as I know, aside from several foreigners stationed at the banks and shipping companies, I form the entire American colony and a very obvious one at that.

◇ ◇ ◇

Havana—It is very quiet. The warm sun glows overhead and benign breezes blow as the clusters of American tourists roam through the city. Three hours for a tour of the City: this includes the Capitol Building, Our Lady of Mercy Church, Cathedral Square, Maine Monument, Vedado Residential Section and Columbus Cemetery. Only two hours to see the Morro Castle: this includes a visit to the Cells, Torture Chambers, dungeons and dark recesses with expert Guide explaining the fight for independence and the Spanish tyranny. If you prefer night life, stops will be made at Sloppy Joe's and the famous and fantastic Tropicana.

Tourists are gambling at the Riviera and Capri. The single American males are making eyes at the painted ladies of the Mambo Club. "What a paradise," sigh the Americans on the first leg of their group tourist flight: two days at Havana and seven days in Miami.

The Well-Behaved Fulbright

Hiroshima, Japan

THE COMICAL BEHAVIOR of the American abroad is of course an old story. After a lifetime at his desk, "the American" sets out in mild panic, usually by air, for a survey of the planet. Not only his general direction but his hourly itinerary have been planned for him by a tourist agent (who hopes someday to visit those remote wonders he recommends), and he subsequently spends, in each of the world's famous cities, a day or two peering at shrines and monuments whose size or cost or difficulty of construction he finds im-

pressive. He distributes ample quantities of money for trinkets worthless or bogus. Assured by his guides that his "*Merci*" is quite perfect he looks upon himself as reasonably bilingual. He consumes Western-style foods in Western-style hotels. In moments of exasperation he complains that the desk-clerk in Hong Kong cannot readily tell him the time in Buffalo. At his worst he leaves behind him a trail of wounded feelings; at his best he returns home with at least a first sense of the reality of foreign peoples.

But there were no Americans of the type thus described

among the group of Fulbright scholars with whom I sailed to Japan some months back. The professors (and their wives, and often their children) had prepared for their journey as earnestly as, at some time in the past, they had prepared for doctoral examinations. They had read articles and books about Japan, consulted with returned travelers, and corresponded with others. They had eaten Japanese food and attended Japanese moving-pictures. In many cases they had begun a study of the language, in a few cases were already able to carry on simple conversations in Japanese, and in one or two instances were downright fluent. And most of them were dragging across the world an incredible excess of baggage—mechanical gadgets of every sort, including TV sets, clothing, medicine, hobbyhorses, pots and pans, a year's supply of this and a year's supply of that, as if bound for a new world.

In their dealings with the members of the crew of the *Hikawa Maru* they were cordially democratic without ever being merely patronizing. They bathed Japanese-style, drank Japanese beer, and played Go. In the saloon the American ladies danced with Japanese gentlemen, and the American gentlemen danced with Japanese ladies, while in the nursery the children of two nations played together without self-consciousness. It was all totally civilized. One could scarcely believe, reading the radio news, that we of the *Hikawa Maru* were in fact but on a moment's leave from Little Rock.

OUR determination to behave well was more than a simple desire to live our year pleasantly. It bespoke not only the eagerness of ordinarily adult guests to honor their hosts, but also our civic considerations, for we were every bit as zealous as the missionaries cherishing in the third-class closeness below their wild dreams of a Christian Japan: at a time when life itself may depend upon the world's fund of good will toward America our zeal was more than self-importance.

Yet I had certain fears. I vaguely sensed even then that our learned preparations were reducing us to a state of earnest innocence. I was eventually to conclude that what had laid us low was the Doctrine of Cultural Relativism.

This Doctrine places emphasis upon "difference" at the expense of "sameness." It committed us in advance to the idea that Japan would be inscrutable to us, all her institutions insusceptible to judgment by the ethical standards of the West.

Consider, for example, the uneasy questions we asked at orientation sessions aboard the *Hikawa Maru*: How shall we, in Japan, address our superiors? Our equals? How, indeed, will we know the one from the other? Does money, in Japan, pass nakedly from hand to hand, or in an envelope? How may we issue dinner invitations or engage a servant without somehow offending somebody somewhere in the delicate chain? Will a student commit suicide if we flunk him? May we speak, in Japan, of the late unpleasant war? Of the bomb? Of the Emperor? What colors may a man wear? Shall women smoke?

Now, it may be necessary to explain to the tourist from Buffalo that Japan is not the United States; that he must, if he enters a Japanese restaurant, remove his shoes, sit on the floor, and eat with chopsticks; that raw fish is a standard edible; that the ministrations of the innkeeper's daughter must not be confused with seduction. For an American professor, however, ought not this instruction to be merely pre-

liminary, and not the subject of a thousand pamphlets and brochures?

In Tokyo we dispersed, and as time passed it became apparent to some of us that one must make his choice between his mission and The Doctrine. For once you are persuaded that every item of social behavior is traceable to a "cultural" source you dare not raise your voice. You dare not distinguish (if you are a well-behaved Fulbright) between those practices which arise functionally from Japan's pressing necessities, and those which represent abuse; between functionalism and self-indulgence.

Awed by the Doctrine, I hesitated for some time to express my fear that the present "defense" program can only lead to a recrudescence of the old militarism, but once I got my courage up it became possible for Japanese, in turn, to announce their objections to the relaxed American policy by whose authorization "defense" was begun. We were continually invited to deliver ourselves upon the question of Negro discrimination, but we were fearful of inquiring about the Japanese outcast population.

Once I threw The Doctrine overboard, it was possible to say out loud that the American man in Japan, if he believes in the equality of the sexes, is entitled to insist upon the accompaniment of his wife at least as often as the Japanese man is entitled to leave his at home. I may now frankly take the position that the "teaching of morals" is absurd, that the "teacher-rating" plan of the Ministry of Education sounds a good deal like political coercion. And in a land which takes a rightful pride in its beautiful affection for children I now feel entitled to question the presence of child-beggars on The Ginza.

I observed the joy with which some American Fulbrighters leaped to defend—in the name of Cultural Relativism—the present status of the Japanese housemaid. We must not (someone said) overpay our maids, or we shall "spoil" them, demoralize them, imbalance the national economy. This is fantastic. A housemaid will work as well for twice as much, and she will learn to amuse herself with the greater leisure Americans in Japan can afford to give her. Her distress will be scarcely noticeable.

The Fulbright program in Japan was initiated as "a firm step in the direction of a greater mutual understanding between the peoples of Japan and the United States." Here, perhaps as elsewhere in the world, the Fulbrighter comes closer than any other American to establishing meaningful contact: the tourist passes hurriedly through, the missionary makes few inroads, the military man—and often the diplomat—lives in isolation. But the professor forms his primary associations with those elements likely to shape significant public opinion for the next generation.

But how "understanding" can be transmitted without speech is beyond my understanding. If the Fulbrighter in Japan makes a secret of his convictions, he hides from view that free-speaking democrat the younger Japanese seek to emulate. The silent professor unable to resist the Doctrine of Cultural Relativism can offer up nothing but amiability. He is free for a year from the burdens and responsibilities of active conscience. But if amiability be the sum of his contribution to understanding he has crossed the sea to little purpose.

MARK HARRIS

BOOKS & COMMENT

What is a "Liberal Catholic"?

by John Cogley

SOME MONTHS AGO I took part in a public forum organized by a Protestant church in the Bronx. I was astonished, and not a little miffed, to discover when I got there that I had been billed as a "Liberal Roman Catholic Layman." The word "liberal," I am sure now, was well meant, intended perhaps not only to reassure the audience but to flatter the speaker. Nevertheless it

The Emergence of Liberal Catholicism in America, by Robert D. Cross (Harvard; \$5.50).

aroused in the one it was meant to honor an almost uncontrollable impulse to turn around and go home.

Why such a strong reaction? After all, I am not a reactionary. I have fought for most of the good liberal causes through the years. I bear a few scars from the McCarthy wars. I find myself siding with *The New Republic* more often than with say, *The National Review*. Ordinarily I would be pleased to be counted a liberal. Why this flare-up? I will tell you.

That billing seemed to me to be shorthand for a thesis that the audience was prepared to accept unquestioningly; the thesis that there are two kinds of Catholics — "real" Catholics, dutiful, obedient, orthodox and therefore benighted; and the other kind—a harassed minority of comparatively enlightened, shakily orthodox, but mysteriously entrapped "liberals." The gratuitous addition of the word "liberal" seemed to reduce this minority to the role played by the "good Jews" who used to win the favor of Father Coughlin's *Social Justice* or the "good niggers" that the White Citizen's Councils pit against the rascals of the NAACP.

Now I find myself reviewing a book about "liberal Catholicism." I wish that Professor Cross had chosen some other way to distinguish between two Catholic

schools of thought if only because I detest the phrase "liberal Catholic" so much—or at least the way it is employed today: "He's a Catholic but really quite civilized." It is a patronizing phrase, in its way just as offensive as "poor but honest" and just as surely based on stereotype thinking.

BUT THAT is just about my only reservation about this book. Robert Cross, a non-Catholic, has succeeded in writing about Catholicism without bias, conscious or unconscious, and with magnificent understanding. Perhaps this can be attributed to the fact that he is a rarity among the historians who have tackled the subject: he has a sense of history.

That sense of history was keen enough to lead him to begin his study of the American Church by outlining the issues that confronted Catholicism at the time of the Enlightenment. It is exactly the right place to begin, for a real comprehension of modern Catholicism must remain closed to anyone who does not understand the trauma Europe experienced in the 18th Century. Lord Macaulay, reviewing the preceding century in 1840, stated that the Catholic Church

Orthodoxy [had become] a synonym for ignorance and stupidity. It was as necessary to the character of an accomplished man that he should despise the religion of his country as that he should know his letters. The new doctrines spread rapidly throughout Christendom . . . down went the old Church of France with all its pomp and wealth . . . the churches were closed; the bells were silent; the shrines were plundered; the silver crucifixes melted down. Buffoons, dressed in copes and surplices, came dancing the *carmagnole* even to the bar of the Convention. The bust of Marat was substituted for the statues of the martyrs of Christianity. A prostitute, seated on the chair of state in the chancel of Notre Dame, received the adoration of

thousands. . . . Nor were the calamities of the Church confined to France. The revolutionary spirit attacked all Europe. . . .

But, as Macaulay acknowledged with something like awe, the Church, though brutally wounded, somehow survived.

Though the Church lived on to prosper anew, and two centuries later its doctrine is infinitely more vigorous than the discredited optimism of those first Liberals, it has never fully recovered from the wounds inflicted upon it. For the Church's victory, though sure enough, was not complete. The Enlightenment, its excesses tempered by time and its cock-sureness softened by history, also lives on. It has given birth to many of the benign institutions of what Ernest Hocking has called our post-modern era.

It would in fact be hard to say which can with more reason lay claim to have mothered the democracy of the United States, the insights of the tradition we call Judaeo-Christian or the political philosophy which owes its beginnings at least to the *philosophes* of the Enlightenment. Each has been proudly proclaimed parent by its own partisans; but as Reinhold Niebuhr has argued, American democracy can actually be traced back to both; neither has full claim. That perhaps is why American democracy is neither Jacobin nor "Christian" but has a genius all its own.

HERE is where the problems of "liberal" versus "conservative" in American Catholicism comes in. From the beginning the "liberals" have taken as their charter the words of St. Paul: " . . . all that rings true, all that commands reverence, and all that makes for right; all that is pure, all that is lovely, all that is gracious in the telling; virtue and merit, wherever virtue and merit are found—let this be the argument of your thoughts."

The "conservatives," every bit as zealous for the good of Church and society as their "liberal" brethren, were profoundly skeptical about how much really rang true, commanded reverence, made for right or was pure, lovely and gracious in the telling, in the modern world; they questioned how much virtue and merit were truly to be found outside the body of Christian truth. They looked back with bitter nostalgia to the *ancien regime* and distrusted the "liberals" quick acceptance of so much

that was conceived in rebellion and brought forth in pride of intellect. For their part they would still hold out for the acceptance of "Catholic integralism." God in His goodness had entrusted them with the fulness of Revelation, which should be maintained in its purity. Only by serving God's truth utterly and guarding orthodoxy jealously, neither sacrificing a jot or tittle or—what was more important—*seeming* to sacrifice a jot or tittle, could they be loyal to that charge and in the highest sense fulfill their misunderstood responsibility to history.

The "conservatives" were—and are—ever conscious of the dangers of "religious indifferentism" (the idea that one religion is just about as good, or as bad, as another), of the "occasions of sin," "temptations to doubt," and "compromise with principle." They tended therefore to regard Catholicism as being in a permanent state of siege—its very existence threatened by modernity. Every day brought forth more reason for them to believe that things were getting worse for the Church, not better.

"Liberal" Catholics, whom they regarded as muddleheaded at best—something like "anti-anti-Communists" in the present Cold War—were, on the other hand, forever ready to "accommodate" to the modernity shaped, at least in part, by the Enlightenment.

THE TENSION between "liberals" and "conservatives" is still known wherever the Catholic Church is found. What Professor Cross describes as "liberal Catholicism" is not a purely American phenomenon. Indeed, the French Church is more torn between the two factions than ever was the case in America. In the United States today the issues have been largely resolved by compromise. Here "liberal Catholicism" is carefully orthodox in doctrine, punctilious in obedience to ecclesiastical authority, rarely venturesome in suggesting change, and scarcely vocal. It causes hardly a ripple in the pool of Catholic contentment.

The "conservatives" who once fought so vigorously to assert the case for "integralism" are almost equally tame. "Conservatism" survives, infinitely vulgarized, in some sections of the Catholic press and in that fair-sized body of Catholics who remain ever eager to follow whatever Coughlins and

Two Ruthless Pieces

I. The Man Who Could Do It Himself

THIS must be done in narrative form. Imagine
A boy with the world before him,
Blond hair (that is, the boy), blue eyes,
And the rest of the paraphernalia for, if not
Light, culture and joy,
At least a wife in the best part of town
And a pretty home
(Which he'd built himself),
And a good name in a sound business, and friends
(Who had built themselves), so that
Our boy could be sure forever or nearly that nothing
Or nearly nothing
Except perhaps war and the fall-out
Would presume to unbuild his self-made, blue-blond destiny—
Imagine this if you please, and then
Cast your envious eyes upon his other
And multiple parts: a workshop
Equipped with a lathe, a vise and hundreds
Of Stanley hammers, as well as
A studio, a bar and some hi-fi tweeters—
All of this
Used up to the hilt by our hero who was,
If there ever was,
A kind of a green-thumb character who could
Make what he wanted at will, a table, a fortune—
Are you not jealous?

Well,
Hear this. He took some
Canadian Oil last week, some rags, a match,
And his wife, tweeters, the works, and when he had
Got it all going good with his green thumb,
He jumped in himself with a guitar he had constructed
Out of a packing box, a cat, that sort of thing,
And he strummed upon it and sat him down to sing:
Do it yourself, fol-de-rol, fol-de-rol;
Be your own man and fate.
Do it yourself, fol-de-rol, fol-de-rol.
Don't wait, and wait, and wait.

II. And His Girl

AND there was a similar case of a girl of the highest
And furthest fashion whose passion
For dresses of subtly slubbed silk and nubby linen
And for blousebacked batwing suits of beige meringue tweed
Was insatiable so she filled
All her closets with these as well as with
Beach coats belted and cropped in a bright tangerine,
Loose-sleeved, boat-necked sweaters with blazer stripes,
And shoes bowed in velvet and jewelled
and then she
Got in her most complete closet, undressed completely,
Proceeded to pose with a simple brown-colored, loose-capped,
Belted fifth of subtly slubbed Southern
Comfort
and six months later
Emerg'd as a full-page wreck
For Peck & Peck.

REED WHITEMORE

WILLIAM O. Douglas

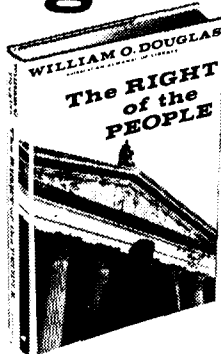
speaks
his
mind
on
THE

RIGHT OF THE PEOPLE

- to confine the military to strictly military tasks
- to be let alone
- to express themselves freely even when challenging basic American institutions

The new book by Justice Douglas is a major statement on one of the most pressing problems facing America today. \$4.00

DOUBLEDAY



McCarthys appear to lead them—but it survives not as an *ancien regime* dream but as a chip on the shoulder. It has even lost its own sense of identity. It knows that it is against the world it lives in but it does not quite know why.

The American Catholic of our day likes to think of himself as being firmly established in the middle of the road. The intransigence of a Cardinal Segura embarrasses him, but so does the "extremism" of the French priest-workers. He finds the anti-Protestant riots in Latin America painfully primitive, but also regards the post-war ecumenical movement in Germany, where Catholics and Lutherans have been known to hold joint retreats, uncomfortably "advanced." Paul Blanshard enrages him by wrapping the dogmas of secularism in the Stars and Stripes, but so does a priest like the excommunicated Father Feeney who enfolds his bigotry in papal colors. Only a handful of Catholics at either end are conscious enough of the "liberal conservative" split to identify themselves.

IT WAS NOT always thus, as Professor Cross amply and painstakingly shows in this study, which concentrates on the 19th Century, a period of sudden growth for the Catholic Church in America. Thousands upon thousands of immigrants had poured in to Ellis Island from the Catholic lands of Europe. They were desperately poor, largely uneducated and unused to the urban challenges they found in their new life. America was strongly Protestant and clearly frightened of this Catholic invasion. Represented as it was by illiterate masses, the Catholic Church was widely regarded as a school of superstition and ignorance. But if anything, the unlettered Catholic masses were themselves victimized by ignorance. "No Irish Need Apply" signs confronted them; the near-pornographic "revelations" of Maria Monk and other bogus "escaped nuns" became national best sellers; vigilante mobs tarred and feathered priests and set fire to convents; a Vatican visitor was outrageously insulted.

It was a time for leadership—Protestant and Catholic. Both were found. There were Protestants who offered the hand of civic friendship to the Catholics who accepted it readily. Among Catholics themselves the traditional two forms

of leadership emerged. The "liberals," like Archbishop John Ireland of St. Paul, Minnesota, Bishop John Keane, rector of Catholic University, and a remarkable, solidly "Americanized" group of Paulist Fathers, urged wholehearted acceptance of American institutions, offered the olive branch of neighborly peace to Protestants, enthusiastically recommended the ideal of civil tolerance, heartily endorsed separation of Church and State, and spoke fiercely in favor of civil liberty. They showed what they meant by plunging into the manifold causes and controversies of the day.

"Conservative" Catholic leaders were infinitely more cautious. They warned Catholics against too facile acceptance of modern culture, encouraged the siege mentality, facilitated separatism by the founding of Catholic counterparts to secular organizations, promoted Catholic withdrawal whenever possible from the "temptations" offered by a society half missionary Protestant and half aggressively secularist.

Controversy between the two groups of leaders flared up constantly and in the most open way. (Most of Professor Cross' citations are from the public press.) The two schools were fairly evenly matched in ecclesiastical power and influence in the Church. Neither ever knew total victory.

Reading this account now, with the history of the last forty years in mind, a Catholic—even one called "liberal"—is happy that neither side destroyed the other. A Church which would have conformed too readily to civil society and to the myths of modernity which flourished in that era would have lost its own genius: one should, I think, beware of any Church that "accommodates" too readily to the world. A Church that would have withdrawn as completely as some of the "conservatives" recommended would have simply left the world.

ALL IN ALL, the results of the ultimate compromises have been happy. Neither Catholic intransigence, Protestant nativism nor secularist imperialism has so far carried the day. Pluralism has won out and because it has it is just possible that neither Catholicism, Protestantism nor secular humanism has really lost.

Pursuit of Truth

The pursuit of truth is difficult, especially in this age "of obedient dwarfs in a small but fatal sideshow," as Irwin Shaw has put it.

One phase of our fog is the Fifth Amendment and what it means in our democratic traditions.

The book, "The 5th Amendment Today" by Dean Erwin Griswold of the Harvard Law School is yours with a trial subscription to *The Churchman*, a liberal magazine for thoughtful people who have no fear of ideas.

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Please enter a trial subscription: 10 months for \$3. As a dividend I will receive a copy of "The 5th Amendment Today."

Name.....

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RECORDS

With the Pianists

IT HAS BEEN reported that when the extraordinary young pianist Glenn Gould and the New York Philharmonic under Leonard Bernstein finished rehearsing Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 2 for their concert performances, a year ago, Bernstein suggested recording it immediately, but Gould refused, saying "Bernstein isn't ready." Columbia ML-5211 now gives us the studio performance that Gould, Bernstein and a recording orchestra recorded later; and not only does the orchestra's tense, hard-driven, harsh-sounding playing make it evident that Bernstein still wasn't ready, but Gould makes Bernstein's unreadiness glaring with each piano phrase that he articulates and shapes so perfectly and with such repose and executes with such precision and such beauty of sound. And all I have heard until now of Bernstein's conducting of standard repertory, except his performances of Mozart, leaves me doubtful that he will ever be any readier—not for lack of talent, but for lack of the inner discipline and controlling sense of measure, except with Mozart, that would brake the impulse to assertion and exhibition of self which causes him to do everything too hard and too much. It is no surprise, then, that he does too much with the orchestral part of Bach's Concerto in D minor, on the reverse side; what is surprising is to hear Gould's heavy hand on the solo part. The recorded sound is made brash by excessive resonance; and in the second and third movements of the Beethoven the orchestra sounds nearer than the piano.

Gould's playing in the Beethoven concerto also throws a glaring light on the unreadiness of Serkin in the performance of Mozart's Concerto K.271 with the Marlboro Festival Orchestra under Alexander Schneider on Columbia ML-5209. That is, after Gould's precise achievement of the beautifully shaped phrases in beautiful sound one is amazed by Serkin's inability to give a phrase any cohesive tension of salient outline, to produce anything better than a pallid piano and an unpleasantly percussive *forte*, to execute a continuous crescendo from one to the other. And the playing

of the orchestra is surprisingly insensitive and graceless.

But something like Gould's precision of execution, in a very different style, is heard in Peter Katin's playing of Chopin Nocturnes on London LL-1499. LL-1281 gave us Opp. 9, 15, 27 and 32; the new record gives us Opp. 37, 48 (whose No. 1 is the finest of all), 55 and 62. Katin plays them in the mannered style that is traditional with Chopin, but employs this style with a refinement and taste and a feeling for continuity that make the playing effective and distinguished. Arrau's performances of Chopin's Etudes Opp. 10 and 25 on Angel 35413/4; Anda's of Op. 25 on Angel 45320; Magaloff's of the Mazurkas in London LLA-53; Uninsky's of the Scherzos on Epic LC-3430—I haven't cared for.

In Prokofiev's Piano Concerto No. 3 young Gary Graffman's playing with the San Francisco Symphony under Jorda, on RCA Victor LM-2138, is less sensitively and perceptively phrased than Uninsky's with the Hague Philharmonic under Van Otterloo on Epic LC-3042; but Graffman is able to end the finale with a crescendo that is more sensational in its speed and power than Prokofiev's own in his old Victor performance. I have heard more impressive performance of the *Classical* Symphony than the one on the reverse side.

OUTSTANDING among piano recordings is Epic LC-3382, which offers Beethoven's *Diabelli Variations* played by Leonard Shure. Most of the series exhibit the ingenuity and variety of Beethoven's variation-writing, which in some instances is somewhere mechanical; but the three slow variations—Nos. 20, 29 and 31—are high points of Beethoven's late writing for the piano. Until Schnabel's performance is issued on LP, Shure's is the one to acquire: while he doesn't achieve in No. 20 what Schnabel achieves with his uncanny timing of the chords in the strange progressions—doesn't, that is, take us to one of the remotest points in those "strange seas of thought" that J. W. N. Sullivan speaks of in his book on Beethoven—

Shure's inflection does impart a high degree of the necessary continuity of tension and expressive force to Nos. 29 and 31. And throughout he operates as an accomplished pianist and musician.

And of great interest are the records on which Victor has reissued some of the performances of Rachmaninov. As a composer he wrote trash; as a composer for the piano he wrote trash which employed his own highly individual playing style with its exciting eruptions and accentuations and its powerful distentions and tensions of phrase and rhythm—trash which was yearningly sentimental or hair-raisingly dramatic. The Piano Concerto No. 3, which he recorded in 1939-40 with the Philadelphia Orchestra under Ormandy, is an elaborate example; and though the losses of the sound in the transfer of the 78-rpm recording to LM-2051 have not only dimmed violins and flutes but made parts of the performance murkily indistinct, other parts enable one to get an idea of the operation. In his recitals Rachmaninov applied his playing style to the music of other composers; and applied to the fanciful episodes of Schumann's *Carnaval* the dramatic eruptions and powerful distentions and tensions produced the superb 1929 performance on Victor CAL-396; but applied to Chopin's Sonata Op. 35 they produced the monstrously distorted 1930 performance on the same record.

THE Schnabel performance of Beethoven's 32 sonatas that Victor issued a year ago in a de luxe limited edition are now available on single records. To the previously issued LCT-1109, 1110, 1154 and 1155 there have now been added LM-2151 to 2158. The dubbed sound is unchanged—which is to say that it hasn't the solidity of the 78-rpm original or of piano recordings today but is poor only in a few instances (Op. 101 on LM-2158 is the worst, requiring drastic cutting down of treble and stepping up of bass) and for the most part is quite acceptable. And the noise of the 78-rpm surfaces isn't excessive most of the time. I should add that since HMV is transferring Schnabel's recordings to LP there is the possibility of HMV transfers of the sonata recordings being issued here after the termination of HMV's connection with Victor next October.

B. H. HAGGIN

MOVIES

Another Shy at Hemingway

THE TROUBLE with the new Selznick version of *A Farewell to Arms* which stars Rock Hudson as the ambulance driver, Frederick Henry, and Jennifer Jones as the nurse, Catherine Barkley, is that to be the least bit convincing or moving it demands that the viewer help along considerably by recollecting the novel—that he fill out the action, give emotional significance to the

A Farewell to Arms (20th Century-Fox).

landscapes, add dimension to the characters. Otherwise it is a spiritless, silly, and, I fear, embarrassing movie. Only near the end, with the scenes in Switzerland and the final agonies of the hospital, does it even begin to echo the mood of the original story. Before the idyll in Switzerland there is merely a slender love affair, a few bloody battles, and worst of all, a hero who resembles some schoolboy halfback nervous about Saturday's game.

Perhaps what is most irritating about the film is that too many times an exciting scene of Hemingway's is shucked

out in favor of a distressingly inferior one invented (if I may indulge the Muse a moment) by Ben Hecht, who is responsible for the script. Anyone who remembers Hemingway's scenes of the Italian retreat from Caporetto—scenes which have always seemed to me almost written for the movies—will only squirm when he sees what has become of them. I don't know whether the fault is Hecht's or that of the director, Charles Vidor, but somewhere along the line the drama of Austrians, Germans, and Italians chasing other Italians gets lost and in its place we get a lot of pictorial messages about war—it is hell. Well, whoever said it wasn't? What gives significance to *Farewell* is that this particular retreat is a particular kind of hell for a particular person. Naturalistic shots of barefoot tykes, pregnant women, squalling babies, call up pretty standard emotional reactions, and finally don't tell us much about the hero; his disillusionment in the film with the world of arms comes to him with the swiftness of revelation and seems adolescent and unimportant.

I don't think Mr. Hudson, however, has any kicks coming about the script; if it doesn't help him, he plays tit for tat; he gives the impression he isn't quite sure what he's supposed to be doing, but that if he acts lovable, boyish, and polite Mr. Vidor will make everything come out all right. There is a constitutional clean-cuttness about Mr. Hudson that he cannot hide—for good or bad—and consequently it takes a gargantuan suspension of disbelief to swallow that fact that *his* Frederick Henry has ever set foot in a whorehouse, gets pleasure from drink, and, if the occasion should arise, would kill someone. It is significant, I think, that one of Hemingway's incidents left out of the film is at the Caporetto retreat where Henry shoots a sergeant who will not help to dig out the ambulance that is stuck in the mud.

There are, of course, some moments of life, in the film; for the most part they involve Vittoria de Sica, who plays Major Rinaldi, Henry's Italian friend, and Jennifer Jones, who on one, perhaps two occasions, convinces you that there is a Catherine Barkley, a ner-

vous, fearful, fanciful woman, and that she is living through the experience of her life. The high spots, however, are far too few, and their scarcity has led me to reflect upon whether it is the fault of Hollywood that the last two Hemingway films have failed so, or whether it is just that Hemingway is not for filming. In the novel, for instance, much of the power lies in Henry's delight in the physicality of experience, a delight that is impossible, I think, for the camera to convey. Not that the movie camera cannot catch exactly colors, textures, the feel of things; rather, it cannot give you the feel of things from behind someone's eyes.

Unfortunately, when the camera does try to show the relation between the physical world and the individual consciousness the result is a kind of heavy-handed symbolism. The rain, for instance, which Catherine repeatedly says she fears—well, it is one thing, at the end, for Catherine to be dying and Henry to mention that it's raining outside, and it is quite another to *see* the rain, as one does in the film. The experience is too slender, too close to cliché almost, to bear up under the visualization.

PHILIP ROTH

Notes on Contributors

JOHN COGLEY was formerly an editor of *The Commonwealth*. He recently edited a two-volume study of blacklisting practices in popular entertainment fields. REED WHITTEMORE has published a book of poems, *An American Takes a Walk*.

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Correspondence

(Continued from page 3)

opinions about Nazism and racism, and Charles Angoff would probably deny me the right to speak, as if the written work of a man did not count more than passing remarks, casual, exasperated, and not infrequently humorous to people he thought he could trust.

No one will deny that Mencken liked Germany as the cradle of Bavarian culture, the land of his brilliant forefathers, and the country of *Gemutlichkeit*; that he was critical of democracy—for what exact reasons is a complicated matter, requiring much reading between the lines, and going far beyond the grounds on which he himself supported his thesis; and no doubt he opposed intervention during the two world wars lest it should transform the USA into a "military despotism hard to distinguish from an Asiatic empire." This however, is a far cry from longing to see

any kind of dictatorship extended to America—were it even under the control of an intelligentsia possessed of a sense of honor. Mencken, though sheer disgust and despair have occasionally urged him to resort to extremist ideas, was exactly the type of man that could never have put up with tyranny, so passionate he was in the defense of provincial autonomy and the Bill of Rights.

As for his attitude towards the Negroes and the Jews, it is arbitrary to bracket them together; he treated the former with understanding affection, as one who had long lived on good terms with them; on the other hand, he liked the charm and intelligence of the Jews, and was even listed by mistake in the Jewish *Who's Who*. He fell out with Philip Goodman, true, but only when his friend began attacking Germany indiscriminately, and dallying with Communism.

As to Mencken's "entire philosophy": his life was wholly devoted to defending the freedom of thought and writing; often at no small risk on his part; he would have been more readily forgiven, had he chosen to hate and inveigh rather than use ridicule for his weapon; maybe he was too sympathetic to be capable of hatred. The present onslaught against his memory, as during his lifetime, only tends to divert the attention from the essential to the accessory, and to belittle the man by unduly stressing his silences more than his actual campaigns, even if that meant inadequate references and curtailed quotations. Attempts are being made at distorting his "philosophy"—as if Mencken had been a systematic thinker instead of what really makes his value and his novelty: a man of confessed prejudices.

The truth is that H. L. Mencken always preferred his dangerous, seemingly ambiguous position to the hysteria of censorship, K.K.K. and narrow chauvinism. To those who believe, as I do, that no democracy deserves its name unless any opinion can safely be voiced, Mencken will remain a guide and an example.

G. J. FORGUE

New Haven, Conn.

The New Republic welcomes communications from its readers in regard to subjects of current interest. Those of 300 words or less lend themselves to publication more readily than longer letters.

"... an inspired blackguard

CHARLES ANGOFF (NR, January 13) tortures my book, *The Irreverent Mr. Mencken*, to prove that Mencken was a Nazi sympathizer. I did write (as quoted) that Mencken "put the Germans above the Jews." But in the next clause (not quoted), I hastily added that he also "put the Jews above the Americans." What this complete sentence proves about Mencken's sympathies I don't pretend to know. On the basis of his belief in the inequality of races, one can't call him a liberal, as some of your correspondents have tried to do, while on the basis of his hierarchy of races, he was clearly no Nazi. I suspect that we are all taking him too seriously in this debate. I suspect that he was nothing more and nothing less than an inspired blackguard who must be pardoned for the most outrageous beliefs because of the extraordinary charm with which he bespoke them.

EDGAR KEMLER

Alexandria, Virginia

► Halsey vs. Nixon

SIRS:

NATURALLY I have viewed with a good deal of dismay the rise of Nixon in the affairs of this country. For all that I consider Mrs. Halsey's article (NR, Jan. 20) about him both stupid and bad.

Stupid, because the one thing we can say of people with certainty is that they change. They may change for the better, or the worse; but they do not stay the same. . . . It is as venomous, as laden with hatred, as the worst things Nixon himself has ever said. I see nothing whatever to choose between his remarks about Truman and other Democrats, and her remarks about Eisenhower and Nixon. What really annoys me is that this smearing is done, Heaven help us, in the name of morality. It is in the name of morality, apparently, that we Democrats are being asked to get down and roll in the gutter.

Mrs. Halsey says that Truman was not morally unprepared for the White House. May I ask, prepared by what? By a lifetime association with a corrupt political machine, whose man he was? The fact is that Truman was changed, radically changed by the Presidency. What faults he had lay in his not having been changed enough.

The reason I was so exercised on this

point is that I believe, with passionate conviction, that we must get into public life some of the moral standards of private life. Let the Democrats begin. Let some Democrat, I don't care which one, have the courage to say that our policy of non-recognition of Communist China is a mistake and always was a mistake. Let some Democrat say that the

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security program is and always has been an enemy of security as well as liberty. Let some Democrat say that the war in Algeria is wrong, not just because it annoys the oil producing Arab states and weakens Nato, but because the French have killed more than ten times as many Algerians as the Russians killed Hungarians, in a country half as large. Let me hear a few mea culpas said for the dropping of the atom bombs on Japan.

Until then, let's have the honesty to keep our mouths shut about morality.

JOHN HOLT

Boston, Mass.

► The James Jones Influence

SIRS:

As a Middle Westerner I resent the sneer with which Harvey Swados concluded his review of James Jones' *Some Came Running* in *The New Republic* for January 27. Southerners, it seems, are too sensitive to the nuances of the language to write like Mr. Jones, and the residents of either coastal region are too sophisticated. But "countless . . . yokels in midland America . . . will now be inspired to imitate" this inept novelist. Mr. Swados should either adduce some evidence to support this slur, or apologize for it.

And would it be unreasonable to ask for a little more information about Mr. Swados beyond the fact that he is the author of two novels? Specifically, what does he know of the United States west of Philadelphia, or east of Denver, or north of Baton Rouge?

PAUL M. ANGLE

Chicago, Ill.

. . . Mr. Swados replies

SIRS:

I HAVE lived for the better part of a quarter of a century within the boundaries which Mr. Angle delineates, although for some time I have made my home by choice to the east of Philadelphia. The locales include Buffalo, New York, where I was born and raised, Michigan, where I was a student at Ann Arbor for four years, and most recently Iowa, at whose State University I served as Visiting Lecturer.

I hasten to add that critical competence is not, unfortunately, automatically conferred on a long-time resident of a given area. My own competence to make the comment quoted, which was in-

tended as a factual observation and has been elevated to the level of a sneer only by Mr. Angle's sensitivity, derives from a decade of continuous reading of contemporary American fiction as a book reviewer and critic for journals of the calibre of *The New Republic*.

If Mr. Angle is genuinely curious to learn what happens when provincial yokels get involved with the culture racket he might, as a proud Chicagoan, avail himself of the opportunity to read two articles by Mr. David Ray in recent issues of the periodicals *Chicago* and *Chicago Review*. In these articles—which considerations of space prevented me from citing in my review—Mr. Ray describes in some detail the preposterous writers' colony of Mrs. Lowney Handy, at which Mr. James Jones and other midwestern writers learned what they know of the craft of fiction.

HARVEY SWADOS

Valley Cottage, N.Y.

► The Lawrence Letters

SIRS:

JANET WINN's review of the D. H. Lawrence *Selected Letters* is fresh, vigorous and original but also, I think, a mite naïve. Lawrence's letters certainly show the unpleasant side of his character at its most concentratedly repulsive, but I doubt if his denunciations of the Murrays and Bertrand Russell need be a mystery to anyone who has read his work well. Lawrence had friends like Aldous Huxley, Norman Douglas and Catherine Carswell with whom he stayed on good terms until his death, and several others whom he always treated with a rough and casual affection if not with respect.

Lawrence took life very much on the bias and many of his judgments of people's motives and characters were wrong in detail and often heartlessly expressed. This is obvious and there's no point in hushing it up. To call it "madness," as Mrs. Trilling does, helps fairly little. But to find nothing much but "chaos," "crudity," "irascibility" and "pettiness" in Lawrence's letters is an extraordinary sign of the change of taste amongst avowedly liberal critics. This, I submit, is the gospel of Niceness and decorum run to seed, an almost Swiss-socialist glumness and myopia.

ROBERT FLINT

Cambridge, Mass.